

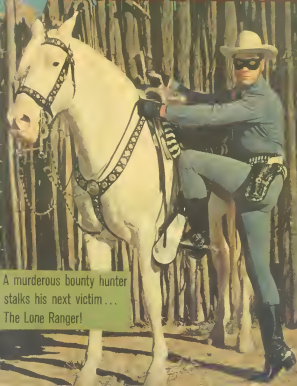
DELL

15¢

MARCH

THE

LONE RANGER



A murderous bounty hunter
stalks his next victim ...
The Lone Ranger!

THE LONE RANGER



The Bounty Hunter



With a bounty hunter on the prowl for cash money, the Lone Ranger finds himself facing a bounty-hunt killer's blazing gun.



As the Lone Ranger tries to learn about the deadly bounty hunter, a Marshal covers the masked man, gun in hand, by a murdered bank guard.

War Feather



Dan Reid, seeing an Indian boy trying to steal a horse in broad daylight, races off to stop him and rushes into an amazing adventure.



The horse the Indian boy rustles brings the Lone Ranger on the trail of dangerous outlaws, whose only escape is to kill the masked rider.





MARSHAL, THERE'S YOUR MAIL ROBBER!

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE HE WAS THE MAN?



I SPOTTED THE GENT CAMPING IN A CAVE! HE WAS OPENING THIS SACK OF LETTERS!

THAT BAG'S FROM THE ROBBERY, ALL RIGHT!

MINUTES LATER.



THERE'S JUST A SHADE OVER EIGHTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS IN CASH AND CHECKS IN THIS BATCH OF MAIL! BUT WHERE ARE THE REST OF THE MAILBAGS HE STOLE?

HE MUST HAVE OPENED THEM BEFORE I GOT TO HIM! HE PROBABLY DESTROYED THE MAIL AND SPENT WHATEVER CASH HE FOUND IN THOSE OTHER LETTERS BEFORE WE HAD OUR LITTLE GUNFIGHT!



WELL, THIS ONE BAG'S BETTER THAN NOTHING! DID YOU CHECK THE CAVE?

WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB! NOT ANOTHER MAILBAG THERE! BUT NOW, MARSHAL, I RECKON I'VE GOT A LITTLE BOUNTY COMING MY WAY!



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AS THE LOVE DANCER AND TONTO MAKE A TOWN...

...MAKE FOR THAT GUNFIRE!

KEMO SABAY!

BANG! BLAM!



MINUTES LATER....











LATER AT SPENCE'S CABIN...





MY ARM---



IT'S JUST A GRAZING WOUND! YOU CAN TALK! WHY'D YOU DRAW ON ME, WHEN ALL I DID WAS ASK FOR DIRECTIONS?

I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOME ONE ELSE!



MAYBE YOU'RE HIDING SOMETHING IN YOUR PLACE AND THAT'S WHY YOU DON'T FANCY CALLERS! **INSIDE!** I'LL HAVE A LOOKSEE!

YOU'RE LOOD! THERE'S **NOTHING** INSIDE!

BUT A MINUTE LATER

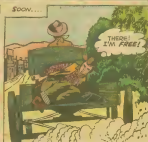


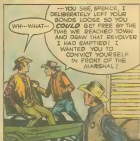
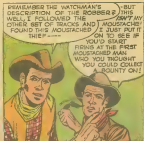
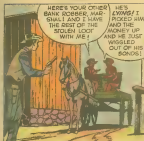
WELL NOW! THE CHECKING AROUND WASN'T A WASTE! THIS HERE FLOOR BOARD'S **LOOSE!**

THE OLD NAILS PROBABLY RUSTED AWAY! THAT'S ALL!



WHY, MISTER! YOU KEEP TELLING ME ONE LIE AFTER ANOTHER! THERE'S **SOME-THING** TUCKED AWAY REAL SECRET-LIKE DOWN HERE! LET'S SEE **WHAT** IT IS!







The OUTSIDER







SOON....





FOR SOLUTION TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN...



THE LONG RANGER WAS CERTAINLY THAT AN
 GUNNED CAPABLE ENOUGH TO DOWN HIS STRONGEST
 HORSE! WOULD HAVE ITS BOUND ON ALL ITS
 HORSES! HE NOTICED THAT THE
 BOUND ON THE BOUND STREET WAS
 NOT THE SAME AS THE BOUND ON THE
 RIDER'S HORSE!

Pay Dirt



Pop Kirk, sheriff of Placer City, stood at the bank of the shaft at the new mine and looked down into the depths where the crew was digging busily.

"I still think you're way off, Mr. Barton," said Pop to the hulking man at his side. "I've mined and prospected in this territory for thirty years and that hole sure doesn't look promising."

"That's where you're wrong, Sheriff," grinned Barton. "You old-timers think you know it all. But as a mining engineer I say there's gold down there. Before I'm through I'll take a fortune out of that mine."

He held a chunk of rock out to the sheriff. It gleamed and glittered with seams of gold. "Here, take a look at this," said Barton.

Pop squinted at the rock, then turned to Barton. "A mighty fine ore sample. It'll run better than six hundred dollars to the ton, I reckon."

Barton nodded. "Right! And that rock came right out of this tunnel. Bet you'll hit pay dirt by next week."

Pop peered along the shaft and then looked up in the direction of Placer City. That tunnel was headed straight for the center of town no more than five hundred feet away. It just didn't make sense to Pop. All his years of experience told him there couldn't be any gold in that shaft. Yet, there was that ore sample Barton had showed him. There was something about that ore that troubled Pop—but he couldn't put his finger on it.

"Well, gotta go now, Mr. Barton," said Pop. "Clem Daly down at the Miners' Bank left word he wants to see me." With

that he strode off toward the main street of town.

Moments later he was seated beside Clem Daly in the bank. Daly was blurt. "Sheriff," said Daly, "I just had word that the Eagle Mine and the Lady Love place are sending in heavy gold shipments this next Thursday. And the Denver train will be coming through bringing in a load of greenbacks to pay the miners. That means we'll have better than half a million in cash in our vaults at one time."

"Guess I'd better swear in some deputies," said the sheriff.

"Reckon so," Daly nodded. "If any bank robber held us up he'd hit real big pay dirt!"

"Pay dirt," thought Pop as he left the bank. Strangest. That was just the phrase that Cass Barton had used.

That next Friday Cass Barton and his crew found their bananas.

"This is it," he said, as he looked around at the treasure that lined the walls of the bank vault into which his men had tunneled. "Get those sacks in here and start loading all these greenbacks and this gold."

They were so busy loading the bags that they never noticed the vault door swing open on its oiled hinges. Barton and his men never knew anything was wrong until they found themselves staring into the guns of Pop Kirk and his deputies.

"It was that ore sample you showed me, Cass," said Pop. "There isn't any rock like that within five hundred miles of here. You had to be lying. I knew there was only one way you could hit pay dirt with that tunnel. And that was to rob the bank!"

YOUNG HAWK

The SPENT ARROW



TIE UP THE SLED DOGS,
LITTLE BUCK! WE'RE GOING
TO BACK-TRACK THE
MOOSE AND LEARN
WHO SHOT THIS
SPENT ARROW!

ALL RIGHT— BUT
BE CAREFUL THE
NEXT ARROW
ISN'T AIMED AT
US! IT MIGHT
NOT BE SPENT!



WE'RE NOT FAR
FROM WHERE THAT
MOOSE STARTED,
YOUNG HAWK!

ASH! WATCH
LITTLE BROTHER,
MY PET HAWK!
HE WILL WARN US
OF DANGER!



CHIRRRR-W-IRRR-IR!



CHIRRR!

THANKS, LITTLE
BROTHER!



GET HIM— BEFORE HE
CAN SHOOT AGAIN!





WE KILLED THE BULL MOOSE—
BUT YOUR ARROW DREW
FIRST BLOOD! SO HALF
OF THE MEAT IS YOURS!

WASH! WHO ARE
YOU? LONE FOX
DID NOT KNOW HE
HAD ANY FRIENDS
HERE!

I AM CALLED
YOUNG HAWK!

AND I AM LITTLE
BUCK! — BUT HOW
WILL YOU TAKE
YOUR MOOSE
MEAT HOME?



I HAVE A
SLED — AND
MY LODGE
IS NOT FAR
AWAY!

THEN WAIT HERE AND
WE WILL BRING YOUR
SHARE, LONE FOX!



BACK AT THE KILL —

LONE FOX CANNOT
PULL HALF A MOOSE
ON HIS LITTLE SLED,
YOUNG HAWK? NOT
EVEN A QUARTER!

WE WILL HELP
HIM HOME WITH IT!
WE AND OUR DOGS
CAN PULL IT
EASILY!



LATER —

HO, WOMAN! I
BRING FRIENDS —
AND MUCH MEAT!

MEAT! THEN WE SHALL NOT
DIE — OR OUR LITTLE ONE!





NEXT MORNING..



THE LONE RANGER

WAR FEATHER

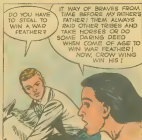


AS DAN RIDE'S GONE TO TOWN TO BUY SUPPLIES FOR THE LONG RANGERS, SOMEBODY...

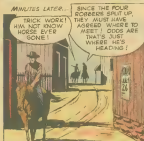


SWIFTLY THE HORSES DASH INTO THE NEARBY WOODS, AS DAN RIDE'S STALLION CLOSES THE GAP AND SAVES...









CAUTIOUSLY, DAN REID ADVANCES TOWARD THE WINDOW...







YOU DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER! I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE, BUT OUR WARNING STICKS! TRY TO FOLLOW US, WE'LL PLUG THE KID!



WE CAN'T LET---

---STAY BACK, DAN! SHOWING OURSELVES WILL ONLY PROVOKE THEM TO ACT! WE'LL FOLLOW, BUT JUST OUT OF SIGHT AND HOPE WE GET A CHANCE TO HELP CROW WING!

BUT MINUTES LATER...



CROW WING! BUT HOW---

---WE PASS DEEP BRUSH! CROW WING LEAP FROM HORSE AND RUN LIKE DEER!



CROW WING SORRY DAN! NOT LISTEN TO WHAT YOU SAY! CROW WING SEE RIFLE ON ROBBER'S HORSE AND TRY AND CAPTURE-UM! NOT WORK RIFLE RIGHT! IT NOT FIRE! ROBBERS GRAB CROW WING!

AT LEAST YOU'RE SAFE! WE MAY STILL BE ABLE TO PICK UP THEIR TRAIL!



THAT BE PLENTY EASY! HORSE THEM MAKE CROW WING RIDE ON HAVE SUPPERS! CROW WING CUT OPEN BAG! FINDING RICE MARK THEIR TRAIL!

GOOD WORK! LET'S RIDE!--- COME ON SILVER!



Soon



FOR HALF AN HOUR, THEY FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF THE RICE GRAINS UNTIL...



EVEN IF THEY WON'T RUN OUT OF RICE, IT IS GETTING TOO DARK TO SEE THE GRAINS!

BUT THEY CAN'T BE FAR AHEAD OF US, CAN THEY?



THERE CLAMPEE! MAYBE ROBBERS STOP TO EAT!

DISMOUNTING, THE LONE RAIDER DRAGS CLOSE TO THE FLICKERING FIRE...



THEY DON'T EXPECT US OR THEY WOULDN'T HAVE STOPPED TO COOK HERE! BUT THE ODDS ARE STILL TWO-TO-ONE!



THE BEST WAY FOR TONTO AND ME TO COVER THE FOUR IS TO DIVERT THEM! DAN, A HOLLOW TREE LEADS FROM THE WOODS TO THEIR HORSES! SEE IF YOU CAN CRAWL THROUGH IT AND SEND OFF THEIR MOUNTS!

STEALTHILY, DAN BEGINS HIS WAY TO THE FALLEN TREE AND STARTS INSIDE ITS LONG HOLLOW TRUNK...



I--IT'S NO USE ---IT'S TOO BIG TO GET THROUGH IT!



SILENTLY THE INDIAN BOY SLIPS INTO THE DARK HOLLOW AND WORKS HIS WAY FORWARD WITH GRIM DETERMINATION...





THE LONE RANGER BOUNTY HUNTER - TOM HORN



BOUNTY HUNTING TURNED MANY A MAN INTO A BRID KILLER! TOM HORN WAS SUCH AN EXAMPLE. AS A BOUNTY HUNTER, HE TRACKED DOWN DESPITE MANY DANGERS!

HORN WORKED FOR THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY WHOSE HOT COOL BRAVERY MADE HIM A MENACE TO MANY WOULD-BE TRAIN ROBBERS!

THEN HORN CHANGED. HIS GUN WAS FOR HIRE HE WORKED FOR WYOMING CATTLE BARONS OUT TO RID THE AREA OF RANGERS WITHOUT BENEFIT OF A COURT TRIAL!



HORN SERVED THEM WELL. ONE SHOT USUALLY WAS ALL HE NEEDED. THEN HE'D LEAVE HIS TRADE-MARK—A SMALL STONE UNDER HIS GUNNERY'S READY!



TRIPPED INTO HOSTING OF A FATAL AMBUSH HORN WAS ARRESTED AND JARED HE TRIED TO ESCAPE, BUT WAS CAUGHT. THE BRID KILLER ENDED UP WITH A NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK!

THE LONE RANGER The WAR FEATHER

BEFORE AN INDIAN YOUTH EARNED HIS WAR FEATHER, HE HAD TO UNDERGO TESTS. MARKED BY HIS BLACKENED FACE, A SIOUX YOUTH HAD TO FAST FOR A DAY, WHILE TEASED BY OTHERS!



ANOTHER SIOUX TEST REQUIRED THAT NO MATTER AT WHAT TIME OF NIGHT A YOUTH WAS AWAKENED, HE SHOULD BE INSTANTLY READY TO GRAB HIS WEAPONS AND FIGHT!



ON THE WARRIETH, THE SIOUX YOUTH WERE FORCED TESTED. HE WAS GIVEN DANGEROUS TASKS TO PERFORM LIKE FETCHING WATER IN ENEMY TERRITORY!



IN OTHER TRIBES, THE WAR FEATHER HAD TO BE WON BY A DARING DEED SUCH AS STEALING INTO AN ENEMY CAMP AND BRINGING BACK A WAR PONY!



WAR FEATHERS COULD BE WON IN BATTLE! AMONG THE PLAINS TRIBES THE HIGHEST HONOR WENT TO THE BOY WHO TOUCHED—NOT KILLED THE ENEMY—WITH A HAND OR A COUP STICK!